

From the Start

by Kathryn Mills

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Summary: Fem!Hiccup, DagurCup story. What if the relationship between Dagur and Hicca had been different right from the start. Slowly escalating from friendship, to love, to marriage. Slight OOC, Rated M for final chapter. Updated, enjoy :)

1. Chapter 1

****Hello everyone :) Since I've dislocated my kneecap I'll be off my feet for the next 6 weeks, so I have plenty of free time to write more :) This is another Fem!Hicca story, my idea about what would have happened if the first meeting between Dagur and Hicca had gone a bit differently.****

*****Speaking*****

'_Thoughts'**_**

What If...

1st Meeting

Dagur hated sailing, he hated the ocean, he hated accompanying his father, and he definitely hated Berk. Then again, he'd never been to Berk before, but he was sure he'd hate it. He'd heard stories that the chief of the hooligan tribe was a brave, strong and noble man, the perfect Viking. So most likely, the village under his reign would be perfect as well.

The eight year old had always strived to be perfect, just like his father wanted him to be. But no matter how many times he trained, or studied, it was never enough. He even made sure to look the way a perfect Viking child should, dark blue tunic, thick black boots, armoured shoulder and kneepads, and a strong helmet with two horns on top of his shoulder length brown hair. But it never made a bit of difference, to his father, Dagur was never good enough.

Dagur hated perfection. But now he'd have to stay in a perfect Viking village for 3 days while his father took care of business.

When the ships landed, the chief of Berk met Dagur and his father at the docks.

"Oswald, how have you been?" Stoick greeted, his voice deep and loud. He even sounded like the perfect Viking.

The two large men spoke for a little while before Oswald finally turned his attention back to Dagur. "By the way Stoick, this is the son I'm always telling you about. Dagur, this is chief Stoick of the Hairy Hooligan tribe."

Dagur gave a small nod but didn't say anything to the large man, it wasn't because he was shy or anything, definitely not.

Stoick nodded back, "I've heard a lot about you Dagur, you're nine years old, right?" Dagur nodded. "My daughter's only five. She was supposed to be here to meet you, but I'm afraid she's wander off."

A daughter? Dagur had never heard anything about the chief of the Hooligan tribe having a daughter, this piqued his curiosity. "I'll go find her." He told the two chiefs, before jumping from the gangplank and running along the docks. He wanted to meet this mysterious girl, if she really existed.

"Dagur, make sure you're at the great hall this afternoon!" His father called after him, but Dagur made no sign that he'd heard him.

The village was bigger than he expected, and every single person he came across was big, and loud, and strong, even the children were either large or athletic. Dagur ignored them and kept searching. As he walked up the hill towards a large house, Dagur was really started to hate how perfect the village was.

The he heard it. Humming.

Someone was humming a quiet tune nearby, it almost sounded like a lullaby, what kind of Vikings hummed lullabies? It sounded so out of place amongst the tough and energetic villagers. Dagur followed the noise round to the back of the house, and that's where he found her.

A small girl sitting on the ground with her knees pulled up to her chest, and a thin stick clutched in her tiny hand, drawing lines in the dirt. Dagur couldn't see her face very clearly, but her hair was auburn and reached just passed her shoulder, her green tunic and brown boots all seemed too big for her. She was humming the soft tune, and she didn't seem to notice Dagur's presence at all. She intrigued Dagur, was this the chief's daughter? She looked a bit like a Viking, but not perfect like all the others he'd seen.

"What are you doing?" Dagur asked straight out.

The girl jumped a little and turned to look up at him, and Dagur could now see her eyes. They were large and seemed to shine an emerald green colour. "Um... Drawing." She answered simply. Her voice

sounded so sweet.

Dagur was very interested now. He moved closer and looked at the patterns in the dirt, he could now make out the shapes of trees, houses and mountains. It was a drawing of this island, and it was a pretty good drawing at that.

"Is that supposed to be this island?" Dagur asked. The girl nodded. "It's not bad."

The girl looked so surprised, her eyes growing even larger, if that was possible. Then she smiled. Her freckled cheeks were pulled back into a genuine grin, the sight of it almost made Dagur's heart stop. There's no way this girl was a Viking.

Then the girl reached up and tugged at his tunic sleeve, "Sit down." It was far too soft to be an order, but Dagur did it anyway. Then she handed him the stick, "You try?"

Dagur hesitated for a bit, he'd never drawn anything before in his life. He could wield a sword, shoot an arrow and handle a shield well enough, but drawing...

"What should I draw?" He asked

"Well... how about your home island?" Hicca said after thinking for a little while.

"Huh? How can you tell I'm not from here?"

"Because I know everyone on this island." He answered almost proudly, but then her expression changed to somewhat sad. "Also, if you were from the village, you wouldn't be talking to me."

Dagur wanted to know what the girl meant, but it looked like she didn't want to talk about it. So Dagur turned to look at the dirt and thought about his island, how hard could it be to draw it?

After a little while, Dagur realised drawing wasn't as easy as he thought.

His drawing consisted of an odd rectangle shape with jagged edges, there were two pointed triangles near the centre, and a cluster of small squares off to one side. Dagur glared at his work, it looked horrible.

But the girl didn't think so, "That looks great."

"Don't lie, it's terrible." Dagur scowled at her.

But the girl just giggled at him. "No, I mean it. You have all the basic shapes there, you just need more detail. Here," The girl reached over and took Dagur's hand in hers so that she was controlling the drawing stick. Dagur did not blush. She moved his hand in short fluid strokes, adding scores across the mountain range.

She was nice. Dagur had been expecting nothing but unbearable perfection, but this girl was the exact opposite. The way she spoke was so soft, and the way she acted was so gentle, she was so

different to anything Dagur had ever experienced before.

"By the way, what's your name?" The girl asked.

"I'm Dagur, son of Oswald the Agreeable, and heir to the Berserker tribe on Talon Island." He resisted, just as he'd been trained to do.

The girl then turned to face him, "My name is Hicca, daughter of Stoick the Vast, and heiress to the Hooligan tribe on the Isle of Berk."

/LINE BREAK/

Later on that same day, the two tribes gathered in the great hall, but the two chiefs were concerned.

"They're both missing!?" Stoick cried worriedly.

"Aye, I haven't seen Dagur since he ran off at the docks in search of your daughter." Oswald replied.

"This is bad, if something happened to the two of them, it could endanger both tribes."

But just as the two tribes were about to take action, the door to the great hall opened. Without even acknowledging the other people in the room, Dagur sauntered in, with a small sleepy girl on his back. It was an odd sight to behold, and it soon caught the attention of the others in the room.

"Is that Dagur?"

"Yeah, but who's he carrying on his back?"

"I think that's Hicca"

"The Hooligan Heiress?"

"What are they doing together?"

"Why is Dagur carrying her?"

Both chiefs could only watch as Dagur walk over to the long main table. Dagur stopped and let Hicca get down, she jumped into one of the chairs and patted the one next to her, Dagur did as he was asked and sat down.

"Can I do it now?" Hicca asked with large eyes.

"Sure," Dagur said with a tired sigh. He then proceeded to remove his helmet and turn away from Hicca. Apparently the thing Hicca had wanted to do... was braid his hair. It was baffling to watch, but almost endearing as well. The often scary nine year old Berserker, was sitting quietly as a cute five year old girl ran her small hands through his hair. It took a while for the shock to where off, but once it did the meeting proceeded as normal.

/LINE BREAK/

Dagur and Hicca spent almost the entire next day together, she showed him around Berk, and he had told her about Talon Island. They got to know each other better, and Dagur was honestly surprised how much he enjoyed his time with the young heiress.

The next day was spent stocking the Berserker ships and getting them ready for their departure, the trade goods were exchanged and Stoick wished Oswald a safe journey. The young boy and girl also said goodbye to each other at the ships, both promising to see each other next year.

2. Chapter 2

What If...

2nd Meeting

This time around, the closer the Berserker ships got to Berk, the more exited Dagur got. It was strange that after only one meeting with Hicca a year ago, he could still remember everything about her. Her cute face, shining eyes, and soft voice, he wondered if he remembered him as well.

But when the ships arrived at Berk, Hicca was nowhere to be seen. As soon as the gang plank was lowered, Oswald and Stoick greeted each other, but the ten year old boy suddenly ran off in the direction of the chief's house. He had found her there last time, so maybe she was there again.

He did find her at the back of her house, but unlike before... Hicca was crying.

"Hicca?"

She turned to face him, and Dagur could see the tears running down her cheeks. She quickly wiped them away and plastered on a fake smile, "Dagur, I didn't think you'd be here so early."

Dagur hated the way that fake smile looked, it was so unnatural on the six year old face. "What happened? Why are you crying?" He demanded.

"What are you talking about? I wasn't crying."

"Don't lie to me!" Dagur yelled. He didn't want to scare Hicca, but he desperately wanted to wipe that fake smile off her face. "Tell me why you were crying."

Hicca's smile faltered, "It's nothing, really. You don't need to worry about it."

As Hicca turned away from him slightly, Dagur saw something that made his blood boil. There was a bruise on her cheek. Dagur clenched his fists tightly to try and keep calm, "Hicca... What happened?"

Hicca took a deep breath and finally answered, "I disserve it, for being so weird."

Dagur knelt in front of Hicca, "Where in Thor's name did you get

that idea from?"

"Some of the other children in the village said it, and they're right. I'm not like everyone else, I don't like fighting, and I spend all day drawing. Compared to the others, I'm not a normal Viking. I'm weird." Hicca pulled her knees to her chest and sniffed quietly. She didn't mean to be so different, but every time she tried being like the others, it just felt wrong.

"Did they hurt you?" Dagur asked, trying to keep his voice calm

Hicca then seemed to remember the mark on her, "They didn't hit me, but they did push me and I fell and hit my cheek, you don't need to worry about it."

"Of course I'm going to worry. I haven't seen you in a year, how long has this been going on?"

"That doesn't matter-"

"Of course you matter!" It had been a simple slip of the tongue, but he meant it. Dagur blushed a little and took a breath as he tried to get his words right. "You're different to every other Viking I've ever met, and that's a good thing. If everyone's the same, then nothing will change, and if nothing changes... then we'll disappear."

"Disappear?"

Dagur stood and thought for a moment, trying to remember what his mother had told him long ago. "You and I are going to lead our tribes one day, and when that happens, we need to do something to change our tribes for the better. Even if it's something minor, if we make a great improvement for our people, then we'll be remembered. And if we're remembered... then we'll never disappear. Even after we die, people will talk about the amazing things we did, they'll talk about the things that made us different to those who came before us. That's why, weird and different are good things."

Hicca looked up at Dagur with wide eyes, he was so sure of himself, so confident, it was amazing to see. "So, it's okay that I'm not like the others."

Dagur looked directly into Hicca eyes. It angered him so much that some people would openly go round saying such horrible things, especially to the point where that person would start to believe them. He wouldn't allow it. "It's great that you're different, and don't let anyone else tell you that weird is a bad thing." Dagur said firmly.

Hicca's smile finally became genuine. The atmosphere became comfortable between the two, and they were able to talk and draw together again.

/LINE BREAK/

While Dagur was on the island, there were a few incidences with some of the other children Hicca's age. Thankfully after a few evil glares from Dagur they didn't harass her anymore. But Dagur knew that he

couldn't protect Hicca all the time, he would only be with her for 3 days a year.

When it was time for the two to say goodbye, Dagur had some final words for Hicca.

"I want you to promise me something."

"What is it?" She asked.

"Don't let them stop you. You need to focus on becoming the best you can be, then you can prove to everyone how amazing you are. Remember, weird is a good thing."

Hicca blushed a little at Dagur's words, then she smiled widely and nodded. "Right, I promise."

3. Chapter 3

What If...

3rd " 9th Meeting

It was another 2 years before Dagur saw Hicca again. There had been an outbreak of eel-pox on Talon Island, and Dagur was one of the few who came down with the illness, he was forced to stay home while his father travelled to the annual treaty signing. Dagur knew he wasn't well enough to go, so he made his father promise to check up on Hicca for him, his father promised to do so and set sail for Berk.

When his father returned three days later, he brought news of Hicca with him. As it turned out, Hicca had become an apprentice of the town blacksmith, according to Oswald, she was doing well. She also gave a message to Oswald to give to Dagur, it didn't make any sense to the chief, but Dagur understood completely.

'I'll keep my promise'

/LINE BREAK/

A year later, Dagur was on his way to Berk again. He had been determined not to miss out on seeing Hicca this time around.

He was now 12 years old, and Hicca was eight. When they saw each other, they were quick to point out the few changes in each other's appearance. Dagur now wore a dark grey tunic and thick leather boots, his hair now reached his shoulder blades and was tied in a tight braid. According to Hicca, Dagur had also gotten more muscular, in particular his arms and chest seemed thicker. But aside from that, he hadn't changed much.

Hicca's hair now reached her waist and was tied in a high ponytail, she still wore a green tunic and brown boots, but now also wore a fur vest and a thick belt around her waist. But what surprised Dagur most was the changes in her personality, she seemed more confident now and seemed to use sarcasm much more frequently. She was still getting teased, but she stuck to Dagur's advice and didn't let it bother her.

The two realised their friendship was somewhat strange, they only saw each other for a couple of days a year, but whenever they saw each other they made every moment count. They were each other's first true friend, and that's something they hoped would last for years come.

But a few years later, things started to change.

/LINE BREAK/

After their latest meeting, Dagur was travelling back to Talon with his father and the other Vikings from their tribe. After so many years, he was now almost a full adult at 18 years old, while Hicca had only just entered her teenage years at 14. Puberty would always be a tricky time for anyone, for Dagur, becoming a man had been incredibly strange, but he had taken it all in stride. He knew the awkward years would start for Hicca soon, and he often found himself wonder what Hicca would be like as a full grown woman. But the thought always unnerved him.

But after this particular meeting, Dagur's father had surprised him with some unthinkable news.

"I don't want you acting so friendly around the Hooligan heiress anymore." He'd said it so nonchalantly, it almost made Dagur angry as well as shocked.

"W-What? Why?"

His father gave a sigh and turned to his son. "Dagur, you're almost at the age of adulthood. You need to start thinking about your future, taking over the tribe, finding a wife, and producing some heirs of your own. In order for you to do that, you need to stop your childish friendship with that girl. I would understand if she was older and you intended to marry her, but as she is, she wouldn't be acceptable for you."

"Why not? Why can't Hicca and I be together?" He'd honestly never thought about marrying Hicca, but to say she was unacceptable... he wouldn't have her insulted like that.

"Are you honestly saying you don't see it? That girl is small and weak, even if she was a more acceptable age, she's still a poor candidate. Even her own village know she's just a useless mistake, she can't even lift a sword over her head, she would only bring shame to our bloodline. Nothing but a pathetic runt, it would have been better if they'd drowned her at birth."

That did it. Dagur's anger grew with every insult and slur his father threw at Hicca, but talking so casually about her death, that was the breaking point.

Without even realising it, Dagur had pulled the sword from his belt and charged at his father, plunging the sword into his chest.

As blood filled his father's throat, Dagur said his finally words to his father. "I won't let you take Hicca away from me."

Dagur pulled out his sword and watched his father fall to the ground, the other Vikings in the room could only watch. He'd really done it.

Dagur had killed his father.

4. Chapter 4

What If...

10th Meeting

Dagur would never admit to being nervous, but he couldn't help himself, he was returning to Berk with a whole new title. He was now Dagur the Deranged, Chief of the Berserker tribe.

Dagur had killed Oswald in front of some other Vikings, and although some of them understood, they're were quite a few who thought Dagur had simply flown into a rage and lashed out wildly. The elders of the village had made the final call, Dagur explained the situation and took responsibility for his actions. But in the end, they hadn't punished him. From what the other Viking's had witnessed, they came to the conclusion that Dagur had embodied the Berserker nature because he felt his friend was threatened. They had allowed him to become chief of the tribe had gave him his new name.

It was still a lot to think about, but Dagur was more worried about what it would mean for his and Hicca's relationship.

Wait... relationship? Did he really think of Hicca that way?

He shook his head to get rid of the strange thought, he had to focus, especially with those strange rumours floating around. Rumours that Berk was overrun with dragons. Dragon attacks used to happen all the time, but then they had suddenly stopped for some unknown reason, so why were the monsters hanging around Berk still?

But when the Berserker ships arrived at Berk, everything seemed normal. Dagur breathed a sigh of relief, then he pulled is shoulders back and stood tall as his uncle, Harold, announced him. "Presenting, the high chief of the Berserker tribe. Cracker of skulls, slayer of beasts, the great and fearsome... Dagur the Deranged!" Harold stepped aside to reveal Dagur. He also allowed Dagur to see the shocked expressions on Stoick, Hicca and Gobber's faces.

"Dagur, where's your father?" Stoick asked.

"He's been forced into retirement, I've taken over the Berserker tribe." Dagur answered, he didn't want to say what really happened in front of Hicca.

As he turned his attention to Hicca, he noticed a major difference from last time. Her lower left leg was gone, replaced with metal and wood. It seemed he wasn't the only one who'd gone through some major changes since their last meeting.

"Hicca, what happened to your leg?"

Hicca moved so that her metal leg was slightly hidden behind the other, "Um... dragon attack, it's nothing really."

Dagur knew that wasn't the full story, but before he could ask Stoick spoke again. "Well then, how about we get that treaty

signed?"

"Actually, I'd like a tour of the village first." Dagur said, he wanted to check for himself if he could find any sign of dragons.

"Your father never thought the tour was necessary." Stoick seemed to be acting rather guarded.

"Well as you can see, I'm not my father. Also, I've heard some rumours, and I want to check them out myself."

"Rumours?" Gobber questioned.

"Dragons." Dagur said simply, trying to judge their reaction. "People have been talking about dragons running wild over this island, but the raids ended a while ago for the other tribes, I want to make sure everything's in order."

"What are you implying Dagur?" Stoick's voice sounded threatened, and Hicca seemed to throw a worried look between the two of them.

Dagur took a breath and chose his words carefully, normally he'd just say exactly what he was thinking, but he was chief now and he needed to act like it. He especially wanted to appear professional in front of Hicca. "I'm fully aware that you can take care of your tribe, Stoick. But our tribes are allies, and I just want to make sure everything is alright."

Stoick raised his eyebrows slightly in surprise, he hadn't been expecting such a diplomatic approach from the 19 year old. Stoick then turned to his daughter, the two shared a look.

Hicca then stepped forward confidently. "Dagur, if I tell you what's going on, I want your word you won't tell anyone else."

Dagur frowned slightly, but he trusted Hicca. "Alright... you have my word." He then turned to his ship, "Harold, take the men up to the great hall and wait for me there."

"Yes, sir." The berserker Vikings exited the ship and made their way up the hill, escorted by the Hooligan Vikings.

This just left Dagur, Stoick, Hicca and Gobber on the docks. "Better?" Dagur asked.

"You need to leave your weapons here as well." Hicca said.

Now Dagur was a little more concerned, "Hicca, what's going on?"

"It's hard to explain, you probably wouldn't even believe me if I told you. So I'm going to show you instead, but you have to leave your weapons here." Hicca said forcefully.

Dagur sighed in annoyance, why couldn't they just tell him? He pulled out three small swords from his belt and boot, and handed them to Gobber. He then slowly reached behind him and pulled out his broadsword, he reluctantly handing it to Gobber, "Be careful with that, it belonged to my mother." Gobber nodded. Dagur then turned back

to Hicca, "Now what?"

Dagur was on guard by this point, but he definitely wasn't expecting Hicca to suddenly grasp his hand. "Come with me."

As she started pulling him away, her father called to her, "Hicca, be careful!"

"I will!" She called back, and continued dragging Dagur up the hill towards the forest.

/LINE BREAK/

After a long trek through the trees, Dagur had finally had enough. Her dug his heels into the dirt and forced Hicca to stop. "Hicca, tell me what's going on! We've been friends for years, you know you can trust me, so why are you being so secretive?" Dagur demanded.

Hicca looked as though she was thinking hard, it just made Dagur even more worried. Then she spoke, "The rumours are right."

This instantly had Dagur's attention, "What? So there are dragons here?"

"Yes. But there's more to it than that." Hicca looked at Dagur almost pleadingly. "Just, please don't... just trust me... okay?"

Dagur knew that this was serious, but there was never a doubt about his trust in Hicca. "Hicca, you're one of the few people in the entire archipelago I really trust. I just want to make sure you're okay." He knew it sounded cheesy, but it was the truth.

Hicca seemed to accept his answer. She walked forward a little further and started trudging down a small passageway, Dagur followed curiously. The passageway opened into a large cove, with high stone walls, a peaceful looking lake, and a few overhanging trees. It was a very beautiful scene.

"What are we doing here?"

"Just wait... Stay there a second." Hicca said.

Dagur stopped at the edge of the entrance and watched as Hicca climbed down into the cove. It seemed she was still very agile despite her metal leg, it must have happened a while ago to give her time to adjust. He was desperate to know what happened, and the wait was killing him.

"Toothless, come out boy!" Hicca called.

A pet? All this was about a pet? Dagur was utterly confused what all the big fuss was, he breathed a sigh of annoyance and was about to clamber down the rocks to confront Hicca.

But then a dragon appeared.

A large ebony beast, with wings spread wide and toxic green eyes narrowed. Dagur had never seen a dragon like this, he was speechless. But when the dragon spotted Hicca, it leapt towards her with

lightning speed.

"HICCA!" Dagur suddenly found his voice, but could only watch helplessly as the dragon jumped on Hicca and shoved her to the ground. The dragon was only being playful, but Dagur saw it as an attack.

Dagur's berserker blood began pumping through his system, his eyes narrowed and he yanked a knife hidden at the back of his belt. He jumped forward with a battle cry like a wild animal, instantly catching the dragon's attention, the dragon growled menacingly and jumped off Hicca to confront the Viking.

"Dagur, Toothless, wait!" Hicca leapt to her feet and threw herself at Dagur, throwing him off balance so they both landed heavily on the ground, Dagur landed on his back with Hicca on his chest. Dagur seemed to be completely out of it, he was thrashing about wildly to try and throw her off, desperate to get at the dragon and run his knife through its chest. Hicca grabbed his wrists and laid her full weight on top of him, "Dagur, stop! It's alright, I'm not hurt, please calm down."

Dagur's thrashing slowly calmed down, but Hicca could still hear growling from behind her. "You too, Toothless. Just calm down." The dragon seemed to respond and its features grew a little less harsh, but it kept its eyes on Dagur.

Dagur's movements finally calmed under Hicca, and she pulled back to look at him. "Are you alright now?"

Dagur just stared up at her breathing hard, He was relieved that Hicca was unharmed, and shocked that the dragon had obeyed her order to calm down. But Dagur was even more amazed that Hicca had been able to calm him down. The Berserker rampages were legendary, once it began the individual would run wild until their objective had been achieved, but Hicca had calmed him simply by holding him down and talking to him.

Then Dagur seemed to find his voice. "Hicca, you're alright? But... that dragon... how did you... how?"

Hicca breathed a sigh of relief, she stood and dusted herself off, Dagur sat up but didn't move more than that as the large black dragon took its place beside Hicca. "Dagur, this is Toothless. Toothless, this is Dagur. Don't worry, he's a friend." Toothless flared his nostrils and glared at Dagur, Dagur glared back and seemed to growl in return. "Both of you, stop it."

Dagur finally stood slowly. "Hicca... Tell me what's going on. Now."

Hicca gave a sigh, "It's a long story."

/LINE BREAK/

"... So ever since then, myself, Toothless and the other dragon riders have been helping introduce the dragons in to our daily lives, and protecting Berk from any other unfriendly dragons or dangers."

Hicca was sitting on the ground with Toothless curled around her, his head lying on her lap. Dagur was sitting opposite her, arms and legs folded with an unsure look on his face. It was very unlike him, but Dagur had sat quietly and listened until Hicca finished her whole story. Hicca just hoped he believed her and didn't react too badly.

"So... you all ride dragons?" He asked.

"No, the only riders are the other teens, my father and myself. Most of the other villagers keep dragons as pets though."

"Do any of the other tribes know?"

"The Meatheads have had hardly any trouble with dragons in the past, and since they're our sister tribe, my father and I told them a few months ago. They were very open to the idea, they're already asking about lessons for some of their own Vikings. Unfortunately, Alvin the Treacherous, chief of the Outcast Tribe also knows, he's been targeting me and Toothless for a while now."

Dagur scowled at this, obviously not happy that Hicca had been put in danger. "If I hadn't brought up the rumours, would you have kept the dragons a secret from me?"

Hicca sighed and her shoulders dropped sadly, "I did want to tell you, but it was my father's idea to keep the dragons hidden. We were worried your father would see them as a sign of aggression."

"So why were you alright with telling tell me and not my father?" Dagur asked curiously.

But to Hicca, the answer was obvious. "Because I trust you. I was worried about how you were going to react, but I was hoping you'd at least give me a chance to explain, and you did."

Dagur and Hicca looked at each other for a moment, then Dagur gave a loud and tired sigh. "Alright, so you train dragons... that's really weird."

Hicca gave a slight smirk, "Weren't you the one who said that weird is a good thing?"

Dagur gave a snort and then started laughing, his laugh was strange, but it suited Dagur. "You always bring the funny, Hicca."

The two laughed, and Toothless seemed to relax and started purring deeply. Dagur turned his attention back to the large dragon. "So... Toothless? Why'd you call him that?"

At the sound of his name, Toothless perked his head up. "Watch this," Hicca said. They'd been practicing hand signals earlier, and now Hicca could use them. "Toothless, smile." As she spoke, drew her finger across her own upturned lips. Toothless listened to Hicca's request and pulled his lips back in an awkward smile, showing his toothless gummy mouth.

Dagur instantly crept closer, "But... he... he had teeth just a second ago." Dagur reached out to poke at Toothless's gums, but just as his hand moved closer, Toothless's attention snapped to Dagur and

his teeth sprang forth in a warning growl. "Whoa!" Dagur yanked his hand away, causing Hicca to give another giggle.

"Well, we should head back to the village, we can tell everyone else and let the other dragons come out of hiding." Her smile grew as she thought of something. "Do you want a ride?"

"Ride?"

Hicca nodded her head to Toothless "He's a dragon, he can fly." She pointed out, and Toothless spread his wings proudly.

Dagur's eyes widened, "Wait, really?"

Hicca stood and moved to Toothless's side, the dragon lowered his body and allowed Hicca to climb onto his back, she then reached out a hand to Dagur. "Well, come on then."

Dagur paused for only a moment, then his smile grew wide and he grasped Hicca's hand, he pulled himself up onto the saddle. At the back of his mind he registered the position he was in behind Hicca, and how oddly comfortable it was to be so close to her.

Then Toothless took off. He rocketed straight up into the sky, with such speed that Dagur had no other choice but to wrap his arms tightly around Hicca. It seemed that Toothless was going to give Dagur quite a ride, and instantly sprang into a series of dives and loops in the air. While Toothless performed his tricks, Hicca seemed to realise that he was only doing it for fun. Unlike Astrid, Toothless didn't want Dagur to apologise for anything, this time around, he was just doing it to show off. Dagur also seemed to be enjoying himself a lot more than Astrid had, he gave the occasional surprised yelp, but for the most part he was yelling in excitement.

The flight didn't last long though, they could soon see the village and Toothless's flying evened out, Dagur and Hicca took their time admiring the sights as Toothless descended into the village plaza. But then they had to deal with the Berserker Vikings. They saw the silhouette of the Nightfury and prepared to fire their crossbows, but as Hicca steered Toothless in a circle, Dagur called down to his men.

"Hold your fire! Stand down!" Thankfully the Vikings heard their chief and lowered their weapons.

With the threat taken care of, Hicca landed Toothless in the centre of the plaza. By this point most of the Vikings had gathered round, and the Berserkers were shocked to see their chief riding a dragon. Stoick and the other dragon riders joined the crowd, and watched Dagur dismounted and walked over to his uncle.

"Dagur- I mean, Chief... I-Is that a-?"

"It's a Night Fury. He's Hicca's dragon, and his name is Toothless." There was a wave of relief through the Hooligan Tribe. Hicca had been able to talk to Dagur, and now the chief of the Berserker tribe was supportive of the dragons. Dagur then turned to Stoick, "Chief Stoick, we may need to go over that treaty, we'll add some new rules to include the dragons."

Stoick glanced at Hicca and gave a proud smile, then he turned back to Dagur. "Agreed."

With that, the two chiefs shook hands in agreement.

/LINE BREAK/

The rest of the Berserker visit was mostly filled with deep conversations between the Dagur and Stoick, when they finally decided on an agreement, a new peace treaty was signed and a celebration soon followed.

But all too soon, it was time for the Berserkers to leave. Dagur, Hicca and Toothless stood on the docks and watched as ships were loaded and readied.

"I was just thinking," Hicca said breaking the silence.

"What about?" Dagur asked.

"The promise we made years ago, we said we would change our tribes for the better."

"I remember, what about it?"

Hicca gave a small smile, "It's seems we've both made some progress. You just created a brand new peace treaty which includes the use of dragons, it's amazing to think about."

"Well what about you? You're the one who trained the dragons in the first place, you'll be remembered for many more years than I will."

"Maybe... But just think, you've only just become the chief of your tribe, and I'm still only an heir, imagine what we can accomplish once we're both experienced chiefs."

"That's still years away, what are you going to do in the mean time?"

Hicca thought about it, she looked up at the sky and watched the clouds drift by. "Travel."

"Travel?"

"I want the other tribes to know the truth about dragons, and I want to explore the archipelago, find all new dragon species, and learn as much as I can. Then every time I come back home, I'll teach others what I've learned, and pass on that knowledge to all the future generations for centuries to come."

Dagur stared wide eyed at the 15 year old next to him. "That sounds amazing. I need to think of something big if I'm going to keep up with you."

Hicca gave a small laugh, "It's just idea, I doubt my father will ever allow me to travel so far away from home."

Dagur thought for a moment, "Well, you've help me achieve something,

so I owe you, with both of our tribes working together, we can cover more ground and expand our knowledge of the dragons."

Hicca agreed. There was some doubt that their idea would actually work, but just the idea that it could be possible... it filled them both with excitement. Toothless seemed to feel the energy rolling off the two Vikings, so much so that he jumped up and started licking Dagur furiously. Dagur was knocked to the ground and attacked by Toothless's tongue.

"Eww! Stop it! Hicca, do something! Gross! Stop it!"

As Dagur thrashed around under Toothless, Hicca couldn't help but let out a loud laugh.

5. Chapter 5

What If...

15th Meeting

The good relationship between the Berserkers and the Hooligans continued for many years.

At only 24, Dagur was still the youngest chief in the archipelago, and had already made quite a name for himself as a strong leader and skilled fighter. His diplomacy skills still left much to be desired, but his support from the Hooligan tribe had put him in good standing with the other chiefs.

The dragons were introduced onto Talon Island and Dagur's tribe soon made good use of them, both tribes soon had strong teams of dragon riders. Dagur now had several small dragon islands under his protection, and with the improved Terror messenger system, the shared knowledge between the two tribes was soon enough to fill an entire Book of Dragon Training. Alongside Hicca, they had discovered three new dragon species, Jagged Claws, Guzzlers and Skull Crushers. AS part of a trade, Dagur had presented Stoick with a Skull Crusher he named Hornet, Stoick now rode the mighty dragon with pride.

But it wasn't just Dagur who was making ripples in the archipelago. Hicca was also starting to make a name for herself.

She was already known as a remarkable dragon trainer and expert, and her intelligence and bravery made her a force to be reckoned with, even when she wasn't alongside her dragon. She often accompanied her father when they went to other tribes, using her diplomacy skills and keen intuition to assist in trading agreements to great effect. But that wasn't the only news about her.

There were many stories circling around the other tribes about how beautiful Hicca had become. Now that she was 20 years old and at marrying age, many men were asking for her hand. Dagur and Hicca had constantly visited each other when the dragons were first introduced, but then they had both become so busy, that they hadn't seen each other in quite a few years. He hoped to see her at the next annual meeting between their tribes, then he could see for himself if the rumours were true.

As the ships drew closer to Berk, the dragons could be seen flying freely in the sky. Some of the smaller dragons were being ridden by young teens, the academy must be thriving under Hicca's guidance.

When the Berserker ships docked, Stoick and his dragon greeted Dagur warmly. Dagur noticed that Stoick was starting to show his age, he had quite a few grey hairs and his movements seemed slower and heavier than before. He was still a strong chief though, as they greeted each other, Stoick also took note of Dagur's growth. He was now tall and broad, with strong arms and less armour in order to show them off. Like most other Vikings his age, Dagur had started growing his hair and beard, he now had a thick dark brown braid down his back, and a mass of dark bristles on his chin. He still carried multiple short swords, but his prize weapons were two large crossed swords on his back. He still had the board sword from his mother, but now he also carried a long and beautifully crafted blade, a present from Hicca on his 21st birthday.

For a while now, he'd been thinking of Hicca in a romantic way. After so long of knowing her as a friend, and watching her grow, he realised just how important she was to him. He hoped that the next time he saw her, he could tell her how he felt. After a short word with Stoick, Dagur asked if Hicca was on the island and if he could see her. He was in luck. Hicca was at the academy, teaching some younger children to care for dragons alongside her peers. When Dagur entered, his eyes locked on the tall woman with long auburn hair, was that Hicca?

"Hicca?" he asked.

It was her, and when she turned to face Dagur, he saw that the stories were true.

Hicca still had the same large shining eyes she'd had as a child, but now she had the body of a woman. The upper section of her hair was braided down her back, while the lower section flowed freely down just past her hips. She now wore a dark green sleeveless tunic, but with thick leather armour around her arms, legs, chest and waist, it was bound to her tightly and showed off her... womanly figure. She also carried a long sword at her hip, and a smaller one attached to the leather guard on her forearm. The stories didn't do her justice, the small little girl he had known as a child, was now far more than just beautiful.

"Dagur!" When Hicca realised it was Dagur who had called to her, her eyes filled with excitement and she ran forward, throwing her arms around his neck and giving him a tight hug. "It's been so long since I last saw you."

"Y-Yeah," Dagur said as he awkwardly hugged her back. "We've both been so busy these past few years."

Hicca pulled back to look at Dagur, "You've certainly grown, I barely recognised you."

"Same to you, you look... um... y-you look great," Dagur couldn't believe he just stuttered.

"Dagur, are you alright? You're blushing." He thanked his lucky stars

that Hicca didn't know the real reason he was blushing. "How about we go take a walk, it'll give us a chance to catch up."

"Sure." Dagur watched as Hicca quickly ran back to her friends and spoke to them quickly, the large man with sort blond hair and the axe maiden with a long blond braid both looked Dagur, they gave each other a sly look and then agreed to take care of things for Hicca.

Hicca then ran back over to Dagur and took his hand, before leading him out of the academy, signalling for Toothless to stay behind and watch the other dragons.

/LINE BREAK/

Dagur and Hicca walked along the cliffs for a little while, taking in the sea air and talking about everything they'd been doing over the past 5 years, the two of them didn't seem to notice that they were still holding hands.

"So... I heard you're getting a lot of attention recently." Dagur said, trying to sound casual.

Hicca sighed tiredly, "I wondered how quickly rumours would spread. Almost every heir in the archipelago wants me to be their bride, they keep sending letters and gifts, it's a little overwhelming."

Dagur desperately wanted to ask, but he wasn't sure how to phrase it. "Have you... do you think you'll..."

"I'm not accepting any of them." Hicca said, she'd stopped walking and looked at the ground. It was only when he felt the tug on his hand, did Dagur realise they're hands were still connected. Hicca noticed too, but she didn't let go. "Most of them only want me because of the dragons, or because of my looks, none of them really care about me. But if I keep declining without a proper reason, they may start getting violent, the only way they'll stop for sure is if I marry someone."

Dagur turned to face her. Part of him wanted to tell her how he felt, but would she just think he was just doing it for the same reasons as the others? "So what are you going to do?"

Hicca thought for a bit and took a breath. "I have to be married by the time I turn 21, that doesn't give me much time. Thankfully, my father's leaving the decision up to me, so it's entirely my choice to do what's best for my tribe and myself. If I'm going to marry another heir, then that would mean joining the tribes together indefinitely. I need a tribe with strengths and attributes to compliment the Hooligans, that way, they'll both benefit when the two tribes join. But also... I want a husband who actually cares for me."

"It sounds like you already have someone in mind." Dagur hoped he was wrong.

"Yes, I do actually."

"Who?" Dagur wanted to know, but at the same time he really didn't. Was it already too late for him to tell her? Maybe he should just go for it, just tell her everything right here and-

"You."

Everything in Dagur's mind froze, he couldn't say a word.

Hicca waited for him to say something, but after a while of silence, she stepped closer and spoke again. "Dagur... Will you marry me?"

Dagur desperately tried to get his mind working again, but it had instantly stopped working the second Hicca had asked. Had she been intending to ask him from the beginning? Did that mean that she... loved him too? Dagur's brain slowly reactivated and his mouth finally started working. "I... Um... Isn't it... Shouldn't I be the one asking?"

Hicca gave a small smile, "Normally, yes. But since when have you and I ever been normal?"

They both laughed. "You always bring the funny Hicca."

"So...?" Hicca asked quietly. "Do you have an answer? You can say 'no' if you want, I understand if you don't feel the same way. I mean, I did spring this on you, and we've been friends for so long, it's understandable if you-"

But then it was Hicca's turn to be speechless.

Dagur was still unable to find words, so instead, he placed his hand on Hicca's shoulder and leaned forward. He kissed Hicca on the lips then and there.

He marvelled at how soft her lips were, and how the very feel of them on his own seemed to relax him entirely. Had she always had this effect on him?

Dagur pulled back and finally found his words. "By the way, my answer is 'yes'."

/LINE BREAK/

Dagur and Hicca held hands the entire way back to the village, walking along the centre of the street and allowing everyone to see their linked hands. When they found Hicca's father at the great hall, they told him the news. He was both shocked and happy all at once, but like many others, there was a part of him that had always seen it coming. He started laughing loudly and hugged his daughter and future son-in-law tightly.

There was a grand feast held night, and an official announcement was made to the two tribes. The engagement between Dagur and Hicca was finalized, and preparations were already being made.

6. Chapter 6

What If...

25th Meeting

The next few meetings between Hicca and Dagur were long and regular, final plans were made and messages were sent out to the other tribes about the upcoming ceremony. It was almost time. Dagur was so excited he could barely stand still, and Hicca was frantic and happy all at once.

Then the day arrived.

The docks at Berk were filled with ships from each of the great tribes, all the chiefs were there to witness the union between the Berserker and Hooligan tribes. Such a union had never happened before, so a whole new set of plans were put in place. Dagur was already the chief of his tribe and once Hicca was married she would be given her own title, and be made chief of the Hooligans. The villages would still be separate, but Hicca and Dagur would rule over both islands. It was a big responsibility, but Stoick was confident that Hicca and Dagur could handle it.

Since there were so many people and dragons on the island, the ceremony took place on a large field overlooking the ocean. It was a beautiful scene, but not as beautiful as Hicca in her wedding dress. Stoick, Dagur and most other men were stunned by the goddess walking down the aisle. White flowers were woven into her long hair, and her gown was long and hung off her shoulders, it was a pale green with silver trim. Her eyes were thinly lined with coal to make her eyes seem even brighter, and a thin silver ribbon was tied around her neck.

Stoick took the ceremony, and prayed to the goddess Freya to watch over the two newlyweds. Hicca and Dagur said their vows and promised to take care of the other, and exchanged wedding bands. Stoick then called out to crowd, "This union between Dagur the Deranged and Hicca the Heroic, now joins the Berserker and the Hairy Hooligan tribe in eternal unity. I now pronounce you husband and wife." The two kissed again, this time as married couple.

The feast then began with a bang, all the while Hicca and Dagur sat at the head of the table as people cheered and congratulated them. Dagur's uncle Harold was seated next to Stoick as the two talked about the possibility of grandchildren, the mead clearly starting to get to Stoick as he started tearing up over his 'baby girl'.

/LINE BREAK/

The feast was scheduled to last for 7 days, but the night of the wedding, Dagur and Hicca excused themselves to their new home.

The newly built large building was up the hill from the village, looking over the village with its back to the forest. As they entered their home Dagur picked Hicca up and carried her up stairs, both of them giggling merrily. When they arrived in the main bedroom, Dagur let Hicca down and just looked at her for a little while.

This was his wife standing in front of him. Someone he had known for years, and had watched as she grew from a small five year old, into a confident teenager, and now into a wonderful young woman. He leaned down and kissed Hicca softly, running one hand into her hair and the other wrapped round her waist, while Hicca's arms wrapped around the back of his neck. Hicca undid his braid, allowing his brown hair to reach his chest, while Dagur removed the flowers from her

hair.

Dagur started walking Hicca backwards and lay her down on their bed. She used her nimble fingers to remove his ceremonial armour, while Dagur hands started pulling down her gown. It was a little strange at first, taking each other's clothes off and seeing each other so bare, but they soon relaxed as the final items were removed. Dagur fumbled a little on Hicca's prosthetic leg, but once it was removed the two ran their hands over each other's naked bodies. It was a strange sensation, the feeling of someone's hands on their skin, making sparks shoot up their spines and causing goose bumps to break out on their skin.

Hicca was confident and careful when it came to removing Dagur's armour and tunic, but once she was naked in front of Dagur, her arms came up to cover herself and she became very shy. But Dagur knew a way to calm her down.

He leaned down and started leading a trail of kisses from her cheek, to the corner of her mouth and then down her neck, she let out a small sigh as Dagur tenderly sucked at the pulse point on her neck. Then he started going lower, across her collar bone and down to her chest, Hicca started moaning as Dagur licked around her mounds.

"Hicca, does this feel good?" Dagur asked as he flicked her tongue over her nipple.

"Ah! Y-Yes." Hicca said gasping.

Dagur used his hands to massage her breasts and pinch her nipples, she wriggled and twitch under him as he continued touching her. Then he started moving lower again, running his tongue between her mounds and planting kisses over her stomach, he also started skimming his finger tips up her thighs.

"Oh... Mmh, Dagur..." Hicca moaned as Dagur made his way between her legs.

His hands stayed on her upper thighs, while his body moved back up so that he could kiss her again. His fingers danced over her lower lips and stroked her slowly, his finger tips playing with her clit and making her squeal. Dagur kept his lips on hers allowing their tongues to dance as she moaned into his mouth, when he teased her folds with his fingers again, he moved his lips to her neck so that he could hear her moans.

"D-Dag-Ahh! M-More... touch me more, p-please!" Hicca was moaned loudly, and Dagur had barely started.

Dagur didn't want to hurt her, so he rubbed her to get her lips nice and wet before he started. Then he pushed his finger tip into her.

"AH!" Hicca jolted at the odd feeling, she'd never had anything inside of her before, not even her own fingers. Now she could feel his digit inside of her, pushing and pulling and rubbing against her walls. "Oh... Dagur... Ah."

Dagur loved the sound of her breathy moans, he wanted to hear more. He pushed another finger into her, and used his thumb to rub her clit

while his fingers pumped in and out. After a little while of listening to Hicca's moans grow in volume, Dagur added a third finger.

"How's this Hicca? D...Does it feel good?" Dagur's breath was also starting to come out in pants. Just watching Hicca writhe, hearing her moan and feeling her slick inner walls, it was having quite an effect on him. And Hicca noticed

She sneaked her hand down and stroked his member, Dagur jumped and pushed his fingers deep into her, causing them both to moan.

"Dagur, c-can I touch you?" She was so close already, but she really wanted to feel him as well.

Dagur couldn't help but chuckle at Hicca's shyness, "Go ahead."

Hicca seemed to grow in confidence, she wrapped her fingers around his shaft and pumped him at the same speed he was pushing his fingers into her. Her soft fingers were driving him mad, running along the underside of his manhood and somehow finding every single sensitive area on Dagur's shaft. They were both moaning wantonly, so desperate to feel the other, Dagur's fingers and Hicca's hand were already making soft, wet slapping sounds. Dagur finally decided to take this a step further.

He removed his fingers from her, and managed to coax Hicca into letting him go as well. He then moved Hicca into the centre of the bed, and knelt between her spread thighs.

"Hicca, you ready?" He asked calmly.

"Y-Yes." She said, trying to keep her voice steady.

Dagur placed another kiss on her neck to calm her, he felt her relax under him, loving the way her hands felt running through his now loose hair. He raised his hips and took hold of himself, he rubbed himself a few times to make sure he was slick enough, then he positioned himself at her entrance.

Then he pushed inside.

Her tight heat was overwhelming, Hicca felt so amazing, Dagur really had to concentrate so he wouldn't just pound into her. He tried to go slowly, but Hicca had other ideas. She wrapped her legs around Dagur and pulled him in closer, forcing him to enter her completely.

"H-Hicca, Fuck... Gods, you're so tight." Dagur's mind was foggy, but it soon cleared when he noticed Hicca's state. Her body was shaking and she was crying quietly, he'd hurt her. "Hicca! Oh gods, I'm so sorry!"

Dagur was panicking slightly, but Hicca managed to compose herself and placed a hand on his cheek to calm him. "It's okay, I'm the one who pulled you in. I... I just really needed to feel you."

Dagur couldn't help but smile and pressed his forehead to Hicca's, when had she become so impulsive? He kissed each of her cheeks and

took one of her hands in his, intertwining their fingers and pulled back and repositioned himself, causing Hicca to twitch as he shifted inside of her. Dagur pulled back so that only the head was still inside of her, the friction along her inner walls causing her to gasp slightly. Then he pushed back into her deeply, the reaction was instant and they both moaned loudly. He pulled his hips back and pushed in again and again, keeping a slow steady pace.

"Mmh... Ah... Mmh... D-Dag... Oh... Ah..." Her breath was coming out in soft moans, she sounded so sexy.

It felt unbelievable, being this connected to someone, not just physically but mentally as well. Dagur felt like Hicca was everywhere, with her arms around his neck and her legs wrapped around his waist, she was all around him. He wanted so badly to burry himself deep inside her heat and never leave.

"Dagur... please, f-faster."

Dagur did so. He started moving his hips faster, creating more friction against her walls. Her moans became louder and higher pitched, and Dagur started groaning in time. Dagur then tried something, he moved his free hand to Hicca's thigh, and lifted it onto his shoulder. When he started thrusting again, he was able to reach even deeper into her, now making her almost scream with pleasure.

"Ah! Gods... Dagur... Mmh!"

Dagur wanted to hear more from her, he leaned down and pushed her bent leg against her chest, spreading her wider. "Hic... Can you feel me? Mmh... Can you feel my cock inside you? Oh... Ah... How does it feel?"

Chills shot up Hicca's spine, Dagur's words affecting her in ways she couldn't even understand, just the sound of his voice and his words made her insides twist in pleasure. "F-Feels so good, Oh! Ah! Oh gods... Oh! So big... So deep... Ah! Mmh! Feels so hot!" Hicca was surprised she could even find words to describe what she was feeling, she just wanted to feel more. "M-More, Ah!... please, Dagur! Harder, D-Deep-Oh! Please... So good! Mmh!"

Dagur leaned back onto his knees and looked down at her. One of his hands was still locked with hers, and his other hand held her knee against her chest, her free hand was clutching the pillow tightly, trying to ground herself. Her hair was spayed out under her head and body, from her cheeks down to her chest was flushed red, and her chest itself was heaving with each deep breath. She looked so sexy.

Dagur pulled back again and started pounding into her with his full force. She screamed and moaned loudly as Dagur thrust into her, a feeling of heat starting to build in her stomach, and she started feeling a dull ache between her thighs.

"Dag-Dagur! Ah! Oh gods! Ah! Mmh! I-I'm-Oh! Ah!" She could barely speak anymore. But Dagur understood, he was close as well. He leaned forward and covered her mouth with his, it could hardly be called a kiss by this point, just a mass of wet tongues and teeth. Dagur was barely keeping it together by this point, just so focused on ramming

his hips back and forth, he felt so much pleasure it was overwhelming. The heat was burning both of them, and the coils in their stomachs were getting tighter.

Then they finally snapped.

Hicca's body went rigid and she threw her head back with a loud scream, Dagur buried his face into her neck and relished in the feeling that washed over him. Her walls tightened and squeezed around him as she came in waves, Dagur thrust a few more times before burying deep inside of her and spilled his seeds deep into her womb.

They were both panting hard, feeling unbelievable warmth and starting to feel a slight chill as the juices started to leak from Hicca. But neither seemed to care, they were too happy. Dagur finally found the strength to remove himself from Hicca, both wincing slightly at the feeling. He lay down next to her and she rolled onto her side to face him, when they're eyes met again they couldn't help but smile. They both felt tired, but neither wanted to fall asleep just yet.

"You alright?" He asked her.

"Yeah. Are you?" She asked tiredly

"I'm great," He said with a large smile, he wrapped an arm around her and pulled her closer. He lay an arm out for her to use as a pillow, and started drawing lazy circles on her lower back with his free hand, she started doing the same to his chest. Then he spoke again quietly, "It's strange..."

"What is?"

"We've known each other for 16 years, and we've met up 25 times, and now we're married. It's amazing to think about."

Hicca gave a small smile, "You sound surprised."

"I guess I am," He looked down into Hicca's eyes. "I didn't think I'd be lucky enough to end up with my best friend." Hicca stared wide eyed at him, Dagur's cheeks blushed red as he realised what he'd just said, "Gods... That sounded so weird."

Hicca giggled lightly, "Yeah, but weird is good, remember?"

They both kissed passionately again and pulled each other closer, getting ready for a comfortable night's sleep.

16 years ago, Dagur had gone in search of a strange girl. 6 years ago, he had started falling in love with her. And 12 hours ago, Dagur had made a promise to spend the rest his life proving to her just how important she was to him. They wouldn't have a perfect life, but they would have an amazing one.

So what do you think? :) If you guys have any other requests for stories then let me know and I'll see what I can do, I need something to keep me busy for the next 6 weeks :) Also, don't forget to check out my other HTTYD story, The Valhalla Crystal :)

End
file.